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FICTION NUMBER

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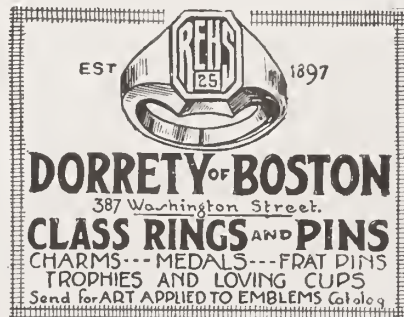
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	Page
EDITORIAL PAGE.....	3
LITTLE THINGS.....	4
THE DOPE MYSTERY.....	7
BUCK FEVER.....	10
SCHOOL NOTES.....	12
OBEDIENCE.....	13
LETTING IT RIDE.....	17
SPORTS.....	20
FUNNY FABLES.....	29
CARTOONS.....	30

TERMS: Seventy-five cents per year; by mail, eighty-five cents. Single copies ten cents. Special copies, twenty-five cents. Advertising rates on application. Contributions solicited from under-graduates. All contributions must be plainly, neatly and correctly written, and on one side of the paper only. Contributions will be accepted wholly with regard to the needs of the paper and the merits of the manuscript.

Published monthly by the STUDENTS OF THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL
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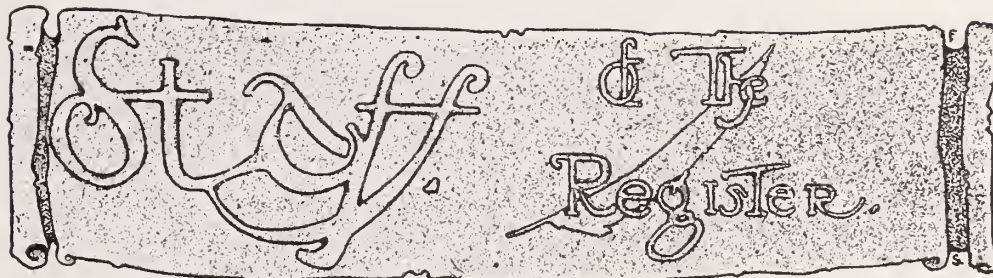
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Editorial

Slowly, but surely enough, spring is approaching,—spring, the season of growth, when buds first break from their wintry abode and come forth, full-fledged, to show off their vernal beauties to an admiring world;—spring, when the birds break into inspired song, which poets might envy, after their silence of the winter. The very thought of spring sets the imagination afire, rebuilding the airy dream castles of hope, beauty, and joy. It is no wonder, then, that to express the inspirations, when all is growing, when earth, sun, wind,—all creation seems to have conspired to amaze us with fresh and surpassing creations, when man's brain is delirious with the ultimate joy,—of creation—of seeing his hands fashion better than his mind could picture,—what wonder is it, I ask, that the *Register* has given up a number to fiction, to poetry, to anything which can hint at these joys beyond our powers to express?

The happy season has but one fault,—it conduces to idlers' pleasures.

So great is our joy in feeling ourselves growing, coming to life in harmony with the rest of the universe, that we all would like to declare one great, tumultuous holiday,—cease work, go out to greet nature in her own abodes, renew our friendship with the soil that nourishes us, and the sun that warms us to intoxication. No need for spirituous liquors when the clear blueness of the sky, except perhaps for a lonely white puff sailing the heavens like a sheep astray, raises our thoughts to a madness far above the power of anything to increase or diminish,—a delirious frenzy which bids us express the inexpressible,—shout out the secrets of the universe!

With what consternation do we see our tasks piling up in front of us,—a never ending line of fingers all pointing to duty! We would rise in rebellion; we would play the coward, turn our backs to our foes and flee into the great open unknown that seems to be calling us so imperiously. It is, however, the part of a truly brave man to settle to his tasks, do them one by one as they come up, and then, if he may, go

out to play, lightheartedly. When the delusive and beautiful Siren, Spring, calls, listen if you are strong enough to withstand her blandishments, if not, stop up your ears and go to work as ye have never worked before!

—B. B. R.

* * * * *

Little Things

B. F. Derlin

"Say, young feller!" shouted the tall, ungainly, ruddy-faced workman, who, clad in dusty overalls, overlooked the construction workers as a lord might survey his dependents laboring in his fields. "Say, you!" he cried again to the offending laborer, "put another brick in yer hod fer luck!"

He was talking, or rather, shouting to a young fellow at the other end of the building. The much-oppressed fellow was evidently a bricklayer.

"You see," said the dominant figure in blue overalls as he turned his gaze upon me, "you see, I've had experience,—ahem—an' I know that it's the little things that counts."

I was sitting on a dirty plank, which was laid upon two heaps of bricks. The man sat down by my side as though he had known me as a friend for years, and, lighting a vile-smelling clay pipe, he began again to speak.

"This might sound funny, but it's on the level. I'm the luckiest guy in these here United States, an' all on account of a little thing like a brick." As he said this, he picked up a brick from under his heavy shoes and, looking fondly at its dusty surface, continued to speak.

"Yes," said he absently, "I've got one o' the best, most han'somest wives a man can have, an' a good job thrown in fer measure."

I, not having a ready answer to this strange observation, kept silent. My eyes were turned toward the big crane, which was swinging a huge steel beam into place. My fingers drummed a nervous tattoo on the plank, and a noise escaped from my half open lips which sounded very much like a sigh.

"Not interested, eh?" said the man at my side, rather resentfully. And as if fearing lest he should lose such a rare opportunity to talk, he announced with an invincible air, "Well, I guess I'll tell you anyhow." Claspin' his hands over a patched knee, he began.

"Y' sec, I was only a common, or'nary bricklayer onct, like thet feller over there. Ahem! We was working on one o' them there sky-scraper cabins in New York, an' a big job it was, too. Well, it was one swell mornin' in October, you know the kind. I was feelin' like one o' them poet-fellers feels when he sees a mounting with some uncommon good scenery scattered 'round. You know, kinda dreamy. Whistlin' soft-like, I packs my hod jest cram full o' new bricks, an' begins to climb the wobbly ladder. It felt jest as if I was carryin' a bunch of balloons 'stead of a load o' bricks. Well, when I reaches the top, an' was jest goin't to step on the platform I feels somthin' slip, an' one o' the bricks slides out' the hod.

"I hears a howl, an' nearly falls myself. Recoverin,' I scrambles down the ladder. When I gets to the bottom, I nigh faints, for there was the boss himself, his hand clapped to his shoulder, an' him roarin' like — er, like a bull. When he clamps his eyes on me, I thought he'd explode. His face got red, then purple, then—oh I'm no good at distinguishin' colors. Finally, he relieves himself by cussin' me good an' plenty, and tellin' me I'm fired."

Here the workman paused to relight his stubby clay pipe, which had gone out during his prolonged discourse. Unconscious of my presence, he continued, as if thinking aloud.

"Well, I felt kind-a blue, not a bit like thet poet felt. What good was the air an' scenery? I was out of a job with only fifteen iron men in my pocket. I wanders 'round the town for a couple o' days, eatin' in one-arm lunches, an' sleepin' in the park. Boy, them benches sure was hard! When I was at the small end of my cash, I begins to get worried. However, the next day I sees a sign what reads, 'Employment Office.' I brightens up quick-like, an' buttons my coat. After fixin' my tie an' puttin' my headgear on straight, I walks up the steps into the office. Then I fixes my tie again, 'cause what did I see but a right handsome miss at the desk? 'Course you don't want to hear the rest, do you?"

He turned toward me with a twinkle in his eye, and as he saw that I had been listening intently to his narrative, he went on.

"Well, when I walks over, she says, business-like, 'Position, sir?' Sir! Ahem. Thet girl knew a thing or two, she did.

" 'Yes, anythin' that's open,' says I. She begins readin' out of a big black book, Usher, dishwasher, bricklayer,—'

" 'I guess *not*!' snorts I, kinda indignant-like, as if she had insulted me. 'I guess *not*!'

" 'Well, sir, we may have a position to suit you in a day or so. Come around tomorrow.'

" 'Did I come 'round? Say, son, I ain't as dumb as I looks. I sorta liked thet girl, she callin' me 'sir', an' bein' so business-like, not silly an' gigglin' like most girls are.

" 'Well, no job showed up, but I didn't mind thet much, you know. After a couple o' weeks, Rosalie an' me, (thet was her name, a purty one at thet) went out to supper to a swell joint, one o' them places where they has white tables an' black waiters. After thet, I used to walk home withe her every evenin'. He fambly camps in the big, brown house on Clemens Avenue, you know, the one with the white pillars.

" 'One evenin' I asks her a question. It was the same old story. I has to get her father's consent, she says, and—aw, you knows how sech things go.

" 'So the next Sunday night I brushed up my herrin'-bone suit an' patent leathers, and hikes up the Avenue. I throwed my chest out, an' strutted like one o' them knight-fellers, all dressed up to kill. Haw! Haw!'

The workman guffawed hoarsely at his own witticism, and continued.

" 'I walks up the front steps like a drum-major, and rings the bell loud. Then I waits. After standin' there awhile, my swelled chest begins to git concave, an' my feet turns cold. Why did I ring so loud? Mebbe I'd get kicked out for disturbin' the fambly, or somethin'. I tell you, I felt a lot relieved when Rosalie opens the door, an' smilin' like a angel, lets me in. Without sayin' a word, she leads me to the library an' gives me a seat. A fine girl, thet. Makes everyone feel right to home, you know. I sits there twiddlin' my thumbs like a preacher, an' feelin' like a undertaker. Rosalie goes into the hall an' calls in a sweet voice, 'Dad, oh Dad!'

" 'I shivers when I hears the answer, loud an' hoarse like a growl, 'What do ya want? I'm busy.'"

" 'A gentleman wishes to see you,' calls Rosalie again.

" 'O, all right, I'll be right down,' growls the old fellow.

"Then I hears a step like a elephant, an' the stairs creaks somethin' orful. I feels skeared again. Purty soon the library door opens, an' in walks a sour-faced old man, who reminded me of Sittin' Bull. He opens his mouth. 'Well, sir?' says he. 'Then recognizin' me, he says, the way an old-maid school-ma'am says to a feller what's done somethin', 'Well, *young man!*'

"Then I recognized him. My feet gets cold again, an' my knees trembles. Yes, it was Mr. Mackey, the boss what I let the brick fall on. I gulps, an' manages to blurt out, 'I'm l-l-lookin- for a j-job, *sir.*' I said 'sir', 'cause it might make him feel good.

" 'A job, hey?' he bawls, 'Well, you jest try an' get a job from me.'

" 'Ye gods! Had I asked fer a job? Why was I here anyway? O yes, I remembered. Well, I couldn't get out then, so I follows up my line.

" 'Well-er, you see, *sir,*' says I, 'I'm goin' to marry —'

"He cuts me short with a pleased grin, which made him look more like a ape than he was. 'O, I see,' says he, 'Well, I'll see what I can do for —'

" '—your daughter,' says I cuttin' him out, an' finishin' my sentence.

"Say, stranger, did you ever watch a bad storm? First, it's as still as the grave; then it gits dark an' fearful lookin'; then you hears a rumble; then the wind blows, an' then she's in full swing. Well, thet's the way Rosalie's old m— father, I means, went.

"I gets brave all of a sudden. I acts like the sun does in a sun-shower, sayin' in a silky voice, what sounded like a cat purrin', 'But *sir*, don't you see it's ten-ninths your fault? You know, you fire me off'n my job, an' thet's how I met your daughter.' O' course I knew I was lyin', 'cause it wasn't his fault at all. It was that insignificant, l'il brick's fault. Jest the same, it seemed to cool him off some, it seemed to cool him off some. He looks at Rosalie, who was frightened bad, poor thing. Then he looks at me an' stamps off, growlin' and chewin' his cigar butt somethin' terrible.

"Rosalie looks at me, (there was tears in her eyes) an' I looks at Rosalie. Then we both laughed. I knew I had won. The old grouch was licked good an' plenty, even if he did sound stormy.

"Well, now I guess you have it all. O, wait a second. Mr. Mackey jest had to give me a good job, position, I means, 'cause I was his daughter's husband! Well, last year, I sends fer a set o' books, an' studies 'em every evenin' after supper. O, I guess I'm able to hold down my position, I am. Ahem!

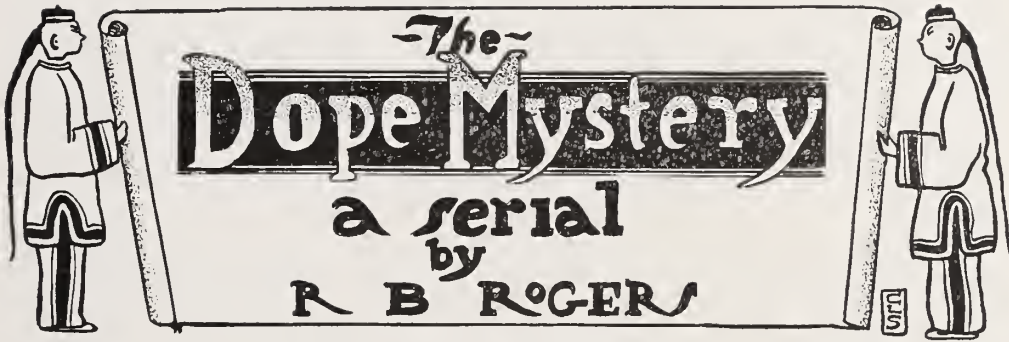
"Rosalie an' me are livin' right comf'table now, she goin' to see her maw whenever she wants, an' me on *purty* fair terms with my father-in-law. Haw-haw!"

I decided that the man had finished, and rose to go. He seemed quite oblivious of my departure. When I reached the end of the building, I heard a harsh voice call out, "Say, young feller, put *another* brick in yer hod fer luck."

* * * * *

DRAMATIC CLUB

For the past month the Dramatic Club has been rehearsing for this year's production. The play is a three-act comedy entitled *A Pair of Sixes*. The players are being coached by Mr. Russo of this school. The tickets are now on sale; get your orders in early.



Eligible for "REGISTER" Story Prize

Percy Hawkins sat at his desk in Scotland Yard. Judging by his name, one would expect to find a puny man, presumably with eye-glasses, in a clerk's position at Scotland Yard. Instead as it is said, "appearances are oftentimes deceitful," and we find a big, husky, rawboned man sitting in the private office of the chief inspector of Scotland Yard. It was the famous Percy Hawkins, whose prowess was known not only all over Europe, but even in the distant United States.

He sat there, this great inspector, with knitted brows, thinking of something seemingly unpleasant, as his face showed not only perplexity but also the feeling of baffled endeavors.

He was interrupted from this pensive mood by the entrance of an office-boy. Looking up, he took the card handed him by the boy. On it he read:

Larsené Dupin
Chief Detective of France

A grim smile broke over the face of Hawkins. Turning to the boy he said, "Show him in." The door was opened and the great French detective entered. Hawkins looked at the man in surprise. Was this the great Larsené Dupin? He certainly had a right to be surprised, for the man certainly did not resemble a detective. The man was about five feet six inches in height, was dark complexioned, and resembled an ordinary well-to-do business man. However, when Hawkins shook hands with Larsené Dupin he noticed under his pleasant smile a look of keenness that seemed to be searching him through and through. He also noticed that his hand was massive, compared with the general proportion of the rest of his body.

At last, after greeting each other, they settled down to business. "I hear," said Hawkins, "that you have come to assist us in the smuggling case."

"Yes," responded Dupin, "but before I begin, I would like you to tell me everything you know and have found out about this case."

"All right, it is a long story, but I shall explain in detail."

"The first thing we knew about this case was when a woman was arrested under the influence of opium. She confessed that she had bought this opium from a man

named Blanc. We managed to arrest the man, but even after 'putting the screws on him,' we could get no information whatsoever. Because of lack of evidence he was freed. Having him followed, we found that he frequently visited a certain house on Coston Street. A few nights later, one of our men, whose duty was to keep an eye on Blanc, saw him enter this house with a package. No one saw him come out. The next night, much to our surprise, we saw him enter the house again. We wondered how he eluded the sight of our men in getting out. So we redoubled the force of detectives around the house, intending to arrest him as he came out.

"He, however, eluded our men again, no one catching sight of him. This was not, as I said before, much to our surprise, but this time, much to our chagrin. In fact, we lost all chance of re-arresting him as we have not seen him since. However, we decided upon a new plan. We sent men to raid the house with these startling results: Our men entered and found themselves in a little room with no doors of any kind except that through which they had entered. There were no windows in the room, nothing but blank walls. They looked all over for secret panels, but could find none. They hacked at the walls, floor, and ceiling, but to no avail. They drilled holes through different parts of the wall and met with a resistance of solid wood through and through. They even went as far as to drill a hole 23 inches into the wood, but it seemed as if the building, with the exception of this little room, was made of solid wood. In fact, we tried other tests. We drilled from the roof and from other parts of the outside of the building with the same results. We made a minute inspection of the floor, and then at last we decided that we would buy the building before it was examined by the owner who could sue us for damages.

"We discovered, (a curious coincidence), that the owner was a Chinaman, and lived in this little room when he was in the city. We also learned that most of the time he traveled between America and England, usually stopping in New York while in America. He was in New York at that time. We wrote him, making a liberal offer for his property. He replied that he would not sell if offered a million.

"After these results we were confronted with two problems. *First*; how did Blanc get out of the building without being seen? *Second*; Who was able to cope with this situation? We could see but one answer to the first problem: it was that Blanc was extremely lucky, our men were not vigilant enough, and that he had escaped under the cover of night at the most opportune time that presented itself. After great deliberation we decided that the only man in our detective force who could expect to cope with this great and mysterious situation with any degree of success would be Hartin Mewitt.

"Since he has taken the task in hand, nothing has been accomplished. However, dope, mostly in the form of opium has taken a much firmer hold in the British Isles, especially in the big cities of England. All facts point to this peculiar Chinaman and to that mysterious building on Coston Street. We do not lay the cause of our failure to Mewitt. Therefore, we have called upon you, Larsené Dupin, to combine your forces with that of Mewitt and in this way we hope to overcome the great dope peril."

Dupin rose. He said, "I will make observations to-day and report to you to-morrow upon the course that seems the best to pursue."

Hawkins rising, shook hands with Dupin and said, "I am quite confident that

between Mewitt and yourself you will solve this 'Chinese Dope' Puzzle.'" Dupin merely replied that he would do the best he could, then turned and walked out.

As Dupin left Hawkin's office and was passing into the general corridor of the building at Scotland Yard, he was startled by a shot which seemed to come from Hawkin's office. Turning on his heel, he hurried back to the office. There he found Hawkins, sprawled on the floor, dead!

Continued in the Next Issue

* * * * *

EXCHANGE COLUMN

The *Sagamore*, Brookline High School, Brookline.—Yours is a newsy paper. It is well-written and neat.

* * * * *

The *Roosevelt Review*, Theodore Roosevelt School, Roxbury.—The finest intermediate school paper we've received this year. Your column, "The Book Shelf", should be especially commended.

* * * * *

The *New Trier News*, Kenilworth, Ill.—Your paper is complete in every detail. The column, "The Inquisitive Reporter" is a novel one. It is an excellent one, too, for who is more fit to criticize a paper than its own subscribers? Don't you think that the articles contained in the column "The Broken Drum" are rather too personal?

* * * * *

The *Torch*, Irvington H. S., Irvington, N. J.—On the whole your paper is a good one. Your literary and athletic departments are fairly good while the joke column is excellent.

* * * * *

AS SEEN BY OTHERS

The *Register*, Boston Mass.—A very good Football Number—newsy and interesting with good stories and cuts.

—*Sagamore*, Brookline H. S., Brookline, Mass.

* * * * *

EXCHANGE JOKES

A BIT OF THOUGHT

We mortals have to swat and shoo
The flies from dawn to dark,
'Cause Noah didn't swat the two
That roosted in the ark.

—*Westport Crier*

* * * * *

Son: "Father, are you growing."

Father: "No, son."

Son: "Then why is your head growing thru your hair?"

—*Westport Crier*

* * * * *

CLASS BIRTHSTONES

Fresh-----Emerald
Sophomore-----Blarney Stone

Junior Grindstone
 Senior Tombstone

—*Pasadena Chronicle*

* * * * *

"Won't you walk into my parlor?"

Said the spider to the fly.

"Parlor nothin'—getta flivver!"

Was our modern fly's reply.

* * * * *

BUCK FEVER

The tree-tops nodded and bent to the crisp autumn wind. They were beginning to lose their riotous glory of red-gold leaves. All over the park were strewn these little messengers of winter. And on this Saturday afternoon, Maxwell Ward, seated upon a rustic bench, sighed. Why he sighed is unknown. Sighs do not tarry long with handsome young men of thirty, unless perchance they are in love; and Maxwell Ward was decidedly not in love.

He arose and looked upon the autumn scene about him. "Now's the time," he muttered. Thereupon he left the park. The rest of the afternoon found him scurrying from store to store, and when he finally returned to his room he was burdened with many bundles acquired at several sporting-goods stores. The next morning found him comfortably ensconced in a parlor-car bound for Amberville, Maine.

"Pretty fast work," you may comment. But this work was the result of many months' planning. Maxwell Ward had a two weeks' vacation, a desire to go hunting, and a decided penchant for "sassiety". Now, we have heard of many young girls with social aspirations, but a man—never! Yet here was Maxwell Ward, a man to all appearances, and yet he read the society columns of the Sunday newspapers! But to return to the subject. Mr. Maxwell decided to make use of these three possessions to his satisfaction. Therefore he combined the first two of them and made therefrom—a hunting trip. And to this, after careful consultation of the society page he added the one word—Amberville. For you must know that most of the "high lights" of society were spending the hunting season at Maquit-taqua Lake Inn, Amberville. Therefore this was the place of Maxwell's choice.

Monday, after an uneventful breakfast at the Inn, Ward decided to try his luck with the rifle. He changed into a brand-new hunting suit and, with a well-used gun on his shoulder and his belt stocked with cartridges, he set out on a four-mile walk to the foot of a small mountain, where deer were said to abound. After a pleasant walk, he left the well-trodden path and plunged into the brush. He trudged on for a few moments; then he loaded the rifle, for he was coming into the deer territory.

A slight rustle came to his ears, and he dropped to one knee, with gun held ready. A flash of brown caught his eye. "A deer," he muttered. "What luck!" The brown patch came a little closer, then stopped. Ward brought up the rifle, and carefully adjusted the sights for that hundred-yard shot. He aimed accurately, and firmly he pressed the trigger. At the report of the weapon there was a great crash in the bushes. Then all was still.

He made his way to the scene of the crash, exultantly shouting, "Right in the head! What a shot!" Advancing, he thrust aside a bush and stood, horrified. There, lying prone on the ground, was the body of a man!

"I killed him! Oh, Lord, I killed him!" The body did not stir. Then Maxwell Ward turned and ran. Wildly, despairingly, he plied his aching legs, until at last he fell, exhausted and breathless, at the foot of a great oak. There he sat, trying to regain his breath, while his reason came back to him.

"I'd better go back and see who he is. Perhaps he isn't dead!" said Maxwell. Like a drowning man grasping a straw he clutched at this hope. Then he made his way back to the body. He turned the repulsive thing over, and searched through the pockets of its hunting-jacket. In one pocket he found a card. He read it. "Henry Van Blaisdell!" His head spun around. He had killed Henry Van Blaisdell, the most popular young man in Boston's society! Far w ll to all his social hopes!

But, like a man, he decided to take his medicine. He gathered himself together and went straight back to the village, where he presented himself to Constable Hardy.

"So ye thought he was a deer, and fired at 'im, eh?" said that gentleman after he had heard Ward's confession. "Well, I don't see but I'll have to put ye under arrest, temp'rarily at least. But first let's see this person ye say ye shot. Stay here till I call Pete Wilkins and Ez White."

Maxwell waited, and in a few minutes the four men set out for the scene of the tragedy. On the way, Mr. Hardy plied him with questions, but Ward, all in a daze, scarcely heard them. He had killed a man! The thought throbbed and burned within his brain.

But all too soon they reached their destination. Ez White thrust aside the bushes, and said, "Is this the place?"

"Yes," answered poor Ward.

"Well, they ain't no dead man here!"

"What!" Maxwell started, and looked around him. The body was gone!

"But I'm sure it was here! I remember the place distinctly."

"Don't care how you 'member the place. All I know is that he ain't here, and dead men don't run away," said the man.

"An' I guess they never was no dead man," put in the constable.

"But——"

"Don't give me no 'buts'," interrupted Hardy. "Guess ye had a such bad case of buck fever that ye missed yer deer an' then ye thought ye hit some feller. But, just to please ye, I'll put up a sign in the hotel askin' fer information 'bout this here what's—his—name." and he beckoned the two men and turned homeward, followed by Ward, who was stunned by the strange events of the morning. As soon as the latter reached the Inn, he went to his room, where he remained the rest of the day.

Tuesday morning, as Maxwell arose from the breakfast table, his eye was attracted to a large notice posted on a pillar of the dining-room. He elbowed his way through a small group about the sign, and read the following: "Information concerning the whereabouts of the body of Henry Van Blaisdell will be gladly received by John Hardy, Constable."

"Well, that's very interesting," drawled a trim-looking young man standing near the notice. "This is the first time I heard that my body was missing!"

"What!" exclaimed Ward. "Can you—are you Henry Van Blaisdell?"

"I am." A slight thrill ran through the group, and more people pressed closer.

"But, I'm—didn't I kill—I mean shoot—you yesterday?" Ward was badly flustered.

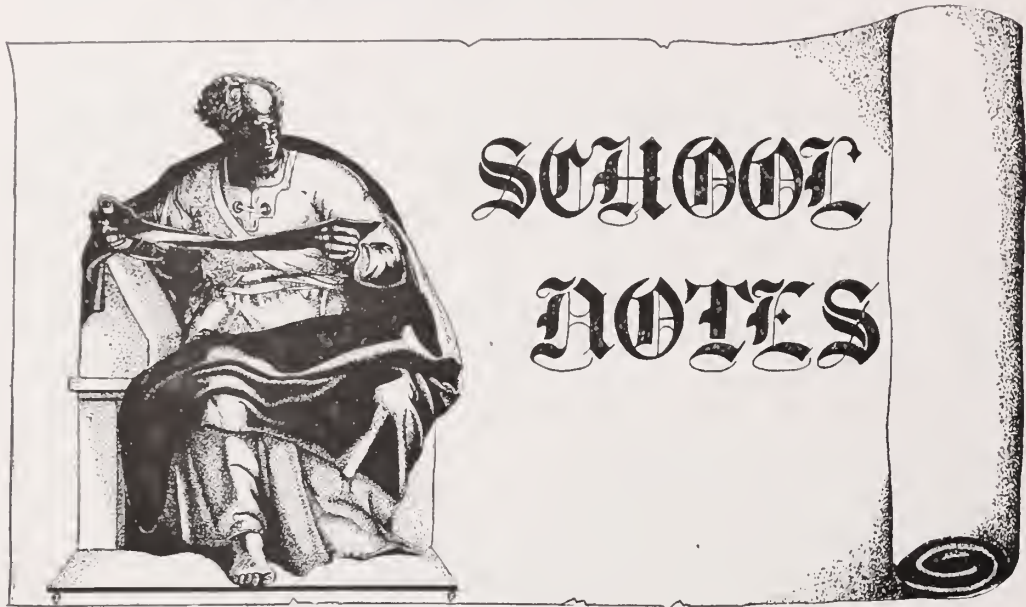
"I was hit in the head by a rifle bullet and was unconscious for a while. But I was able to walk home unassisted."

"But, I thought I killed you!"

"Oh, just wait a moment," said Van Blaisdell lightly, and he skipped swiftly up the stairs. In a minute he returned, a brown object in his hand. He advanced, showing to Maxwell a metal helmet, such as the soldiers wore in the Great War. "Look," said he to our bewildered young friend. "This is what I always wear as a protection against amateurs!"

(Eligible for "Register" prize.)

—L. A. Seiff, '25



Edward Michelman

On Wednesday, February 6, in accordance with the proclamations of President Coolidge and other civil authorities, exercises were held in the Assembly Hall in memory of our late war president and distinguished private citizen, Woodrow Wilson. It was indeed right, that we students thus publicly mourned his death, since, beside the fact that it was his guiding hand which carried the United States safely through the great struggle, he was also one of the greatest educators of youth in America, having been president of Princeton before entering the political field.

The exercises consisted in the main, of readings by members of the various classes about, and also some by, Mr. Wilson. The ceremonies were concluded with "taps."

On Friday, February 15, we again met in the hall to celebrate the memory of our two greatest Presidents: Washington, the Father of the Country, and Lincoln, its Preserver. Among the readings on the program, *Washington's Farewell Address*, read by Samuel Camber, the president of Class I, stood out. The program was interspersed with selections by the School Orchestra and it is not flattery to say that, judging from their performance then, the Orchestra is not a *howling* success, but an *harmonic* success.

Way back in 1884 the *Register* received and published many contributions from a lad by the name of William Kimball Norton. Now he is no longer a lad, but *iam diu* one of our "awe-inspiring" teachers. He has consented now to judge the contributions of *other* lads to the *Register*, in competition for the Cartoon Prize.

ALUMNI NOTES

Dana Somes '04 announces the removal of his offices to the Thorndike Building, Boston, where he will continue to conduct his practice of architecture.

That the rearranged Constitution of Massachusetts should be again submitted to the people was vigorously opposed recently by Frank W. Grinnell '91, at the hearing at the State House before the Committee on Constitutional Law.

The final installment of the interesting story by James M. Plumer '17, of how he went "Around the World for \$1.37", was published in the issue of January 31, 1924 of the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*.

Arthur W. Lincoln '97 is now with Brown, Shipley, and Co., London, England.

The recently elected president of the National Safety Council is Lewis A. De Blois '95, who has distinguished himself as a safety engineer of the E. I. Du Pont de Nemours Co.

Karl W. Baker '19 who is remembered for carrying off so many prizes while here, is now employed in the financial statistics division of the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston.

OBEDIENCE

By Devlin

The white flakes whirled in great billows across the valley. Blown by a fierce north-east gale, the blinding snow was drifting in heaps, waist-high, making travel a grave undertaking. The dull December sky showed no clear gap. It was like a huge gray blanket, hardly distinguishable from the smothering mass of thick flakes. The wind, blowing through the deep valley, sounded like the voice of some prehistoric monster seeking its prey, weird, long-drawn, and blood-curdling. The bare trees reached out their scrawny branches, as if seeking something, too. Their blackness, seen through the sifting white, produced a feeling of supernatural presence. One did not have to have a vivid imagination to feel a dread of this phantom valley.

From the hillside on the left came the sound of muffled gasps. They sounded queerly human in this spectral valley. Through the zig-zagging clouds of snow, down from the towering hill, staggered a human form, waving its arms wildly, and moaning at every laboring step. The man's clothes, for a man it was, were of the roughest leather. As he lifted his feet, it could be seen that they were wrapped in old, worn rags. On his head was set a multi-colored cap with a long fur tassel, and heavy leather band. The face below this cap was an extraordinary one. Young it surely was, yet wrinkled. The mouth was exceptionally long, and drooped queerly at the corners. Jaw hard-set and grim. His eyes, in sharp contrast to this other features, were soft and brown. They wore the piteous look of a hunted deer. Long, stiff, coal-black hair straggled from under his cap, instantly becoming frozen to his broad, wrinkled forehead. The man was evidently of Latin origin, although far-removed from his native clime.

Stumbling, he fell into a deep-piled drift. With another groan he regained his feet and groped blindly forward again. The wind blew a clear space in the driving flurry. It was only for an instant, yet in that instant the man saw the valley stretched out below him.

"O God, if such thou art, give me strength." With a fear that made his hardy frame tremble, he stopped. He fully realized that he could not cross that valley, hard pressed though he was.

From behind was heard a hoarse cry, borne upon the strong wind. They were gaining! The man, starting forward again, fell to his knees in utter despair. He cursed, groaned. He had not done this. Why should they seek him? Even as he thus queried, he realized the hopelessness of his argument. They would not believe him. He had been guilty too often. He knew in his own heart that he was innocent, and he begged God to understand him.

These men, these unbelieving dogs, would never pardon him, but he cared little for these now, he cared ——. Gasping, the man fell into the snow, burying his face in its whiteness.

Presently from down the hill, came a little band of men and dogs. The men, four in number, wore the same sort of leather clothing as the fugitive. Each carried a rifle and each wore snowshoes. They were evidently of the same race as the man whom they pursued. The dogs ran ahead, and now they barked vociferously as they bounded toward the figure buried in the snow. The four men exclaimed loudly in a foreign tongue, and hurried to where the dogs had gathered.

Bending over the half-frozen form, they shook it roughly. No movement, no sound from the prostrate man.

Gesticulating wildly, they administered a large dose of strong liquor to him. What would Tagor say if they did not bring Sutenik back alive? Quickly they stripped off their jackets and laid the man upon them. They themselves did not seem conscious of the bitter cold. They must not let Sutenik die, now. Tagor had said that they must bring him back to the village. The four stalwart men commanded the dogs to lie upon Sutenik's body, while they themselves poured whiskey down his throat.

Like the Good Samaritan, they were feverishly administering to the half-dead man, that they might save a life. But unlike the Good Samaritan, they were saving the life, only to extinguish it in a more terrible way.

After several minutes Sutenik moved, and like joyous children, the four men shouted, and lifted him to his feet. Holding his arms, they dragged him roughly through the blinding storm again, over the path which they had just travelled.

Mile after mile the four men made their way toward their village, bearing their cumbersome burden. After seven hours of this tedious work, they came to the outskirts of a village, a very small village indeed, scarcely larger than a camp.

It was evening now, and human noises rose on the wind. Familiar odors assailed the nostrils of the five gypsies. An anvil rang merrily, and from some ramshackle house came the sounds of music and laughter, as some clumsy fellow manipulated his long legs in a native dance. Everything suggested merriment.

As they approached, someone uttered a hoarse cry, and a little knot of dark-kinned men gathered in the deep snow. The music ceased, the laughter was hushed. Over all lay an ominous silence. Strangers were approaching.

The only movement was among the dogs, who snarled deep in their throats and moved to and fro about the wagons. Then, recognizing the four men as members of their tribe, the silence broke. A hiss like that of a recoiling snake ran through the crowd. They too had recognized Sutenik. Here was the man who had tried to poison Tagor, their beloved chief. He who was guilty of numerous other wrong-doings was now in their grasp. Scores of eager hands would have laid hold of the half-frozen Sutenik, but the four stout fellows were determined that he should be brought to the sick chief, Tagor.

The knot, enlarged now to a fair-sized mob, followed the offender to the chief's wagon. Tagor, an old man, yet rugged, had been dangerously sick for two weeks. He had had a high fever, and a sore body. He complained of his head, his stomach, his lungs, and his heart, and told his people that he had been poisoned. Suspicion at once fell on Sutenik, for his character was none too blameless. Moreover, had not Sutenik been known to cherish a secret desire to rule in Tagor's place? Sutenik, hearing that serious harm might come to him, fled, leaving his only son to wipe away suspicions among his people. But Sutenik had been followed,—and caught.

When they reached Tagor's wagon, a man pushed aside the canvas and addressed the pallid figure on the straw.

"Tagor, my sire, we have done thy bidding. Here is Sutenik."

The old man sat up, and a slight color rose in his cheeks. His small pig-like eyes scrutinized Sutenik. "Huh," grunted the shrunken chief, as he gazed with secret admiration and jealousy upon the upright frame and sturdy limbs of the accused man. His people believed he had poisoned their chief. Tagor had always hated him for his strength. Sutenik was at his mercy.

"Huh, you say naught?" queried Tagor.

"I am not guilty, sire," said the captive, evenly.

An evil grin broke over the old man's face.

"Huh, I hear that again." This remark brought a murmur of confirmation from the assembled gypsies.

"My children," wheezed the sick chief, "bring him to yon great oak, and carry me there also, so that I may tell you what to do."

A hundred hands seized Sutenik, and a hundred more grasped the wagon. Both groups moved through the deep snow in the one direction,—towards the great oak. Sutenik's eyes were on the ground. Men cursed him, women spat and hissed at him, and even the dark-haired children beat on his great body with their little hands. Among this crowd of cursing, hissing, jeering men, women and children, the captive saw but one sympathetic face, that of his son, Morlanz. Morlanz was a half breed.

His mother had been a Canadian, and in his heart, Morlanz was a Canadian, too. He did not like to roam. He had often wished that the band might settle in some pleasant place, and there make a prosperous village. Not only in his heart was the boy a Canadian. His skin was fairer by far than his fellows, and his hair was a chestnut brown. The boy was only seventeen years old, and yet as large and as strong as a grown man.

As the youth ran to meet his father, he was thrown to the ground by one of the guards. His spirit aroused, the boy might have felled the man with a blow of his knotted fist, but his father intervened.

"Strike him not, son. He is doing his duty."

The boy at once became more quiet, and was satisfied to walk outside the guard.

The people, even in their fury, could not help but notice this incident. A brave lad indeed! He had checked himself at a single word from his father! A worthy youth!

They had now come to the large oak-tree. The excited crowd stopped, and soon the wagon bearing the sick Tagor was pushed forward. The old man, much

shaken by his ride, had just enough strength left to throw a long, hemp rope out of his wagon—and grin maliciously at his poor captive.

Morlanz' face grew purple with rage, and he strode towards the wagon.

"Do you mean to hang my father You-you ——." The boy had raised his clenched fist.

"Stop, son, stop!" cried Sutenik, who knew how useless such procedure was. Turning the boy paused, and looking his father in the eye, lowered his hand.

A murmur of approval from the people.

Resigned, Sutenik paced forward, until he was directly under the stoutest branch.

"Proceed," he said calmly, still looking at his son. Although he was not guilty of this, he knew he had been guilty of many other wrong-doings, and here was his settlement. He would be cleansed, in God's sight, at any rate.

The noose was placed over his head, and the rope was slung over the branch.

Morlanz stood erect. He had seen something in his brave father's eyes. He must be as brave as Sutenik. Even as he thus strengthened himself, he felt the burning eyes of the entire gypsy band upon him. With hands clenched and jaw set, he watched with a heart full of rage against Tagor. He dimly saw the two men pull at the rope, and felt that he was about to collapse. His knees felt weak. He must be brave! That was the message he had read in his father's eyes, and now it danced around in his reeling brain.

He heard a queer noise, as if far off. It sounded like the intaking of breath of a multitude.

His eyes cleared. His father's body was standing erect, though the rope was not taut. Then the body, relaxing, flung one arm up toward the gray heavens, and fell prone upon the snow.—

Fear at once struck into the hearts of the superstitious gypsies. Had they killed an innocent man! Had he not motioned toward Heaven? No doubt of his innocence remained in their minds:

A low moan was heard from the wagon. One of the guards flung wide the canvas—and drew back. Tagor lay motionless and cold upon his death-bed of straw. The strain and excitement had been too much even for *his* heart of flint.

Closing the canvas flap, the people looked towards Morlanz. There he was, standing erect, his brave eyes fixed on his father's crumpled form.

A great cry arose from the band of dark-skinned men. Here was their new chief! Young, strong, brave, and obedient!

At his stern command, the people picked up the dead body of their leader's father, and carried it tenderly to one of the cabins.

A warm breeze blows across the valley, gently kissing each blade of fresh green grass and each yellow flower. The light blue sky, dressed in her summer costume of white fleecy clouds, looks admiringly at herself in the blue mirror of the tiny stream. Sleek cows graze upon the hillsides, and under the cool shade of the wide-spreading trees, young children romp and play. Men work in the fields, and women and girls sing merrily about the house. The sweet, ringing clearness of the anvil and the forge is heard from the far end of the valley. Birds perch on the white marble slab beside the brook and sing sweetly over the grave of "Father"

As Morlanz, from his high perch in a maple tree, looks out upon his pleasant valley, he whistles a Canadian song, and the birds listen in silent awe.

Letting It Ride

By Paul Keating

It was a mopy dry desert day, if ever there was one, and the atmosphere of the place made it doubly so and absolutely unbearable to a certain individual about whom we shall talk. The place was Port Said, the Suez city, where the East met the West and the vices of both seemed blended to the entire satisfaction of his Satanic Majesty in this desert city. The time was about four o'clock, and the desert sun gleamed fiercely on the countenance of the individual heretofore mentioned. He was of that round yet graceful figure that seems always to originate in a Paris cafe. In short you would have at once taken him for a hotel and cafe manager, which is exactly what he happened to be. His name was Henri Larroux, and he had lit in from nowhere some time back and established a small eating-place in Port Said. His extraordinary perfection in the culinary art gave rise to his ambition, seconded by voluptuous praise from all his customers, to own a hotel, and having secured some capital, nobody knew how or where, he had built the finest hotel in Port Said. To make it a drawing attraction he called it "Le Reseau du Diable", and he had no trouble in making the place live up to its name and incidentally net him a fortune. Encouraged by this success he had ventured to invest somewhat heavily in a small Coney Island for the entertainment of the populace, and so marked was his success in this that he speedily became one of the most important personages in the city. Being a wholesome living man and minding his own business and conducting his pecuniary affairs with the strictest honesty, it being a city where no questions are asked, he was regarded as one of the leading lights of Port Said and an example of righteous living.

The consulates of every nation were always open to him, and he treated every one so munificently and became such a popular figure round about town, that hardly any hostess thought her social functions complete without M'sieu Henri being present to comment on the cooking. This he did invariably in a most masterful manner, so as to secure as much trade and catering for his hotel from the hostess as possible. So, there we have the history of M. Larroux.

On this particular day he happened to be intently watching the ocean, evidently in quest of some ship due to come in. "C'est deja plus tard, mon lieutenant," he was saying to his companion. "Eet should have been heere long ago, mon ami." The person addressed was a handsome young fellow of some 26 or 27 years of age and was attired in the uniform of lieutenant in the American Navy. He was presumably a deck officer and looked the part. His straight Yankee face had been tanned by the desert sun and weatherbeaten by storms on the ocean. But this, instead of hurting his appearance or health, had only rendered him swarthier and handsomer than before. He also scanned the water intently, but perceiving nothing said to Larroux, "Let us go to the radio station and see if they have picked up any message."

Accordingly the two men walked through the street to a small promontory above which was seen a giant wireless and on top of it a straight pole with the Stars and Stripes flying from it. The ariel shone brilliantly in the sun, and the American could not suppress a gleam of exultation and pride as he beheld the standard of his country, and saluted as they passed it. They passed into a small house in which sat several seamen and radio assistants. The officer in charge, an ensign, cordially greeted them and invited them to a seat and some refreshments.

"Not a sign of her, Tom?" said the lieutenant. "Have you picked up any message?"

"Nary a one, Bill," returned the other, "and it's days since she left Havre."

The face of Bill Webster puckered for a moment and then unscrewed itself again.

"Well," he said to Tom Hurley, "Try again after a while and meantime we can do nothing but watch." The ensign saluted and communicated his senior's orders to a radio assistant in the next room. Bill Webster and Tom Hurley had been together now for two years and were very valuable officers, as stated by their commodore in his last efficiency report, and had done great work in studying conditions and making observations of all kinds in the Near East.

The destroyer which Webster commanded was now lying in Port Said and the Yankee officers had gone to the radio station immediately upon their arrival at the city and taken charge of operations. Incidentally some very important conferences had taken place between the Americans and Larroux, the substance of which was of too much import to be trusted to the regular Navy code in wireless messages, and Webster and his companion had devised a new code and sent a copy to the Central Bureau of Naval Intelligence with which to wire back any information they could pick up. It was early in 1922, and the Near East war threat was at its height and the United States had to be extremely careful in its dealings with the Kemalists government so as not to become involved in another war, while at the same time upholding to the letter the honor and prestige which of right belonged to the most powerful nation on the face of the earth.

For some time there had been rumors of an international Mohammedan uprising and a holy war, which was to embrace Egypt and, most important of all, the teeming millions of India, which were to be let loose at the Christian nations. In this extremely precarious state of affairs, with the diplomats all playing the same old game of put and take, the British feared uprisings in China and India and the French equally dreaded one in Indo-China.

Naturally, the Soudan would offer excellent opportunities for an uproar of this kind, and the Kemalists arch plotters, after their resplendent and successful campaign against Greece, had picked Port Said as a center of disturbance and their future operations.

As American interests here and elsewhere in the Mohammedan dominions were very substantial, it behooved the Navy Department to be on the watch.

A strong Mediterranean fleet and also a strong Asiatic fleet was maintained by Washington in these regions of disturbance for the protection of the merchant marine and economic interests of the United States. The most notable among these plotters was a Sengalese named Halim Rada. Under the honorable cover of a fruit merchant he got all that Port Said could offer in the way of intelligence to the Kemalists, and nobody knew whence the information came or how except his intimate clique of associates and allies. As a matter of fact Larroux was an Egyptian by birth, the child of a French father and a Mohammedan mother, and hated the name of England in his heart. He had also got a dislike to Americans, and although he made up to the English and American consuls in great style, he was secretly and slowly accumulating an arsenal of firearms in readiness for an uprising, and at the same time was a link in the chain of arms shipments to the Kema-

lists which the English had been trying for six months to bring to light, but had not yet succeeded. He was ably abetted by a renegade Englishman named Ranlow, who did not care how in creation he laid his hands on money as long as he got it. This man had taken a personal dislike to Webster and had engaged in an open fight the day before in Larroux' cafe in which the Yankee had bested him. He was infernally mad and jealous of the influence of the Americans over the natives whom he was trying to incite to a massacre. He was plotting to get possession of some very valuable American owned oil wells in Asia Minor, and he and Webster were engaged in a battle of wits for enough influence in the Soudan to start, or to not let an uprising be started.

The natives admired the open-handed American who did not neglect to repay their admiration in frequent loans and donations, proving his Yankee cleverness, which the renegade had never thought of doing, and making doubly secure his prestige in the Soudan. Of late however, the severe crisis at Smyrna had heightened feeling, and nowhere more than in Port Said.

A plot to blow a landslide and block the Suez canal had been unearthed by the gendarme authorities only an hour before its intended execution, and this served as a warning to be more watchful than ever before. The natives had divided and taken sides; some with the Americans and Allied faction and some with the Halim's clique. The night of the afternoon just spoken of brought an attack on the station by the Rada and his mob. The station was defended by the guns from the destroyer, and the insurgents made no headway, although they managed to cut down the wireless, leaving their opponents no reliance on outside aid except their partisans in the city. The Americans barricaded themselves in the station for the night and just before dawn slipped away to their destroyer and cruised along the coast waiting for developments.

Larroux's foster-child, Jeanne, was the only one about him who did not take sides with the insurgents. She secretly admired the handsome Yankee officer, but had never told him so, and the case was the same with Bill. Two nights after the attack he went ashore in hopes of seeing her again. He was cornered in the house by the Rada's men and captured. They tied him to a post for the night and chained his waist to the post.

It was dark midnight when the figure of a girl might have been seen slowly climbing the slope of the hill with something shining in her hand. Seeing Bill bound and chained to a post with a sturdy native guarding him, she realized his only chance, hesitated for a moment, but then mustering her courage, the girl struck straight and true and stabbed the guard through his heart. He fell dead, and stooping over him, Jeanne took the keys which hung from his belt and unchained her lover. Then taking the knife from the terrible wound without flinching in the least, she slashed the cords on his wrists and ankles. They made their way to the destroyer together and got on board quickly. Two other destroyers arrived and joined forces with them. Then next day, co-operating with their partisans on shore, whom they furnished with machine guns and ammunition, the force from the destroyers rushed the town on the east side.

Larroux was taken and hanged as a traitor to France. Ranlow, surrounded, hanged himself, and the Rada was taken and put in prison pending an investigation.

The next day the ship they had been waiting for arrived with a force of 250 marines and plenty of ammunition and stores. But they were not needed, for she

also brought news that the treaty had been signed at Lausanne and hostilities were over. Bill and his bride, nee Jeanne Larroux, were presented, upon the unanimous decision of the principal American investors, with a tidy little block of stock in the concerns whose interests he had guarded with such valor.

Tom Hurley, now Lieutenant Hurley, struts about with pride in one of Bill's old uniforms, which is the only thing he could find to denote his rank and at the same time appear presentable until he reaches New York where he will be resplendently tailored. He is standing on the deck opposite the newlyweds and says to himself, "Well, Bill's a lucky boy any way, and that's about all I can think of to say this time, folks."

Sports

By E. J. Keefe

TRACK

For the first time since the opening of track relations between the two schools, as far as the writer has been able to determine, Dorchester defeated Latin in a dual meet Jan. 31-Feb. 1. The Red and Black hopped off to a nine point lead in the field events, and then added to it the next day in the running competition.

The shot went to Silverman of Dorchester with J. D. Lyons in second place. Captain John Sullivan was fourth in this event. Drinkwater tied for second in the high jump, while Parks, although clearing the bar higher than the pair tied for second, was disqualified for jumping out of form. Parks has been doing some good jumping lately, and as soon as he succeeds in keeping his form at high altitudes, he will be a dangerous opponent for anyone.

Hearn of Dorchester took the dash from Joe Nolan by inches. Hammer was third. The three hundred and six hundred went to Latin through the efforts of John Sullivan and Frank O'Brien. McLaughlin proved to be a find in the thousand, getting a tie with Marquis of Dorchester for first. Keefe was third in this event. The hurdle race went to Leary of Dorchester. Sam Goldman and Collins finished third and fourth respectively.

The intermediates took but two first

places, Lima capturing the shot put and Holzman the six hundred. Hove also deserves credit for his all-round work.

Two seconds went to the Purple Intermediate, the dash and the broad jump.

Epstein repeated his triumph of the Newton meet by finishing first in the dash and broad jump. Russman won the "160" and Horwitz, the Junior high jump.

The summary: Score: Dorchester 127, Latin 104.

SENIORS

50-yard hurdles: Won by Leary (D), second Noble, (D), third Goldman, (L) fourth Collins (L). Time: 7:3-5s.

50-yard dash—Won by Hearn (D); second, Nolan (L); third Hammer (L); fourth, Sullivan (L). Time: 6s.

300-yard run—Won by J. W. Sullivan (L); second Seidler (D); third Grace (D); fourth, Brown (D). Time: 36 1-5s

600-yard run—Won by O'Brien (L); second, Murphy (D); third, Bergen (D); fourth Cohen. (L) Time: 26 3-5s.

1000-yard run—Tie for first between McLaughlin (L), and Marquis (D); third, Keefe (L); fourth, James (D). Time: 2:40s.

Shot put—Won by Silverman (D) 39; second, Lyons, 34:11 1-4; third, Concanon (D) 33:5; fourth, J. W. Sullivan (L) 33:0 1-4s.

High Jump—Won by Noble (D) 5 ft.; second between Drinkwater (L) and Robertson (D) 4-11; fourth, Parks (L) 4:10.

Broad Jump—Won by Hearn (D) 9:4 3-4; second, Collins (L) 9:01-4; third, Hammer (L) 8:11 3-4; fourth, Gilbert (D) 8:6 1-4.

* * *

INTERMEDIATES

50-yard hurdles—Won by Dolan (D); second, Landau (L); third, Bennett (D); fourth, Mulcahy (L). Time: 7: 3-5s.

50-yard dash—Won by Harrington (D); second, Hoyer (L); third Netterman (D); fourth Barrish (L). Time: 6 1-5s.

220-yard run—Won by Heavy (D); second, Korb (D); third, Wildes (L); fourth, Finklestein (L). Time 27s.

600-yard run—Won by Holtzman (L); second, Morganstein (D); third, Rietz (D); fourth, Lena (D). Time: 1 m 29 1-5 s.

Shot put—Won by Lima (L), 40:4 1-4; second, Siegal (D) 40:1 3-4; third, Heavy (D), 39:2; fourth, Barrish (L) 34:1.

High Jump—Tie for first between Dolan (D) and Harrington (D) 4:11 third, Smyth (L) 4:9; fourth Korb (D) 4-7.

Broad Jump—Won by Morganstein (D) 8:1 1-2, second Hoy (L) 7:11 3-4, third Foulds (L) 7:10 1-4, fourth Waterman (D) 7:8.

JUNIORS

50-yard hurdles—Won by McCausland (D); second Higer (L); third, Liberman (D); fourth, Dwyer (D). Time: 7 4-5s.

50-yard dash—Won by Epstein (L); second Lonergan (D) McGrath (L); fourth, Silverman (D). Time: 6 3-5s.

160-yard run—Won by Russman (L); second, Levy (D), third Gallagher (L); fourth, Abramson (L). Time: 22 3-5s.

Shot Put—Won by McCausland (D) 39: 7 3-4; second, Russman (L) 34:6; third, Levy (D) 30:9; fourth, Sevitelli (L) 30:7.

High Jump—Won by Horwitz (L) 4:8; Tie for second, Higer (L) and Levy (D) 4:7; fourth, Dolan (D) 4:2.

Broad Jump—Won by Epstein (L) 7:9; second, Liberman (D) 7:1 1-2; third, Massell (L) 7:1; fourth, McCall (L) 6:11 1-4.

* * *

THE CLASS MEET

The Latin School Class Meet, formerly one of the great events of the school year, this year started out finely with some good performances in the field events. The death of Ex-President Wilson caused the running events to be postponed to February 11, two days before the Commerce meet. The Juniors and intermediates turned out in force, but the Seniors desiring to conserve their energy for Commerce refrained from running and the meet developed into a farce. The work of Joe Collins deserves special mention. He scored a win in the broad jump, a tie for first in the high jump and a second in the hurdles. The shot put was won by Lyons, with the intermediate Lima in second place, Dick Dwyer and Toot Sullivan took the others. Hoyer's work was also of all-round excellence, the stocky intermediate placing in four events. Munroe beat Charlie Cataldo in the six hundred in the best race of the afternoon.

In the senior dash Toot Sullivan won over Sam Goldman in a field composed mainly of distance men. It stretches the memory of the writer to recall the time when Captain John Sullivan was not winning races, the class meet being no exception. There was no thousand, no finale in the two-twenty, and only

three entrants in the intermediate six.

The Sophomores won the meet, with the Freshmen, Seniors and Juniors following in that order.

* * *

THE COMMERCE MEET

The meet with the High School of Commerce was lost by a score of 128½-102½. The team did better against Commerce than was expected.

John Lyons won the Senior shot, with Feinberg and Sullivan third and fourth. Kilroy of Commerce won the Intermediate, Lima finishing second. Commerce took the lion's share of the points in the Junior.

Our broad jumpers did well, Collins and Epstein winning their events, while Hoyer finished second to Canatelli of Commerce. Hoyer had been leading up to the last jump.

The high jumps were all Commerce, the Buff and Blue winning all three divisions. Drinkwater and Hammer placed in the senior, while Wildes took a tie for second in the Intermediate.

Levine of Commerce won the dash, followed by Hammer and Sullivan of the Purple. Capt. John Sullivan ran his usual front race in the three hundred. For a while it looked as if we would have second also, as Joe Nolan appeared to be running easily, but Westbrook came from behind in an amazing sprint to tie the Latin runner. Kilduff took the lead at the start of the 600 and kept it all the way, but he had to keep moving all the time as Frank O'Brien pressed him, and if it had not been for a slip on a corner, Kilduff might have been beaten. Foley of Commerce won the thousand by five yards over Keefe of the Purple. The Latin man took the lead on the last lap, but could not hold it. McLaughlin whose great sprint in the Dorchester meet carried him into a tie for first had an off day, but took fourth.

Starter Tom McCabe caused all sorts of speed in the Intermediate 600 by firing the gun for the last lap one lap too soon. The runners, after sprinting a lap, found there was still another to go. Holzman won the race by thirty yards over Canatelli of Commerce. Wildes and Finklestein placed in the 220, the former being the winner. Hoyer took the Intermediate dash, as is his custom. Delvin, running his first race since the accident at the finish of a trial dash in the drill hall, which presented him with a broken wrist, placed fourth.

Epstein was the only junior victor in the running events. Sam Goldman beat Granger handily in the senior hurdles, and Collins followed the latter closely.

Score: High School of Commerce 128½, Latin School 102½.

* * *

SENIOR

50-yard hurdles—Won by Goldman (L); Granger (C), second; Collins (L) third; Grossman (C) fourth. Time 7 3-5s.

50-yard dash—Won by Levine (C); Hammer (L) second; Sullivan (L) third; Nelson (C) fourth. Time. 6s.

300-yard run—Won by J. W. Sullivan (L); tie for second between Nolan and Westbrook (C); Kimball (C) fourth. Time 36 1-5s.

600-yard run—Won by Kilduff (C); O'Brien (L) second; Audano (C) third; Van Wart (C) fourth. Time: 22 2-5s.

1000-yard run—Won by Foley (C); Keefe (L) second; James (C) third; McLaughlin (L) fourth. Time; 2m 41s.

High Jump—Won by Nelson (C) 5ft. 2; Connolly (C) 5ft 1; Drinkwater (L) third 5ft; Hammer (L) fourth 4ft 11.

Shot Put—Won by Lyons (L) 31ft 1½; Carmichael (C) second 33ft 9¾; Feinberg (L) third 32ft 5¾; W. H. Sullivan (L) fourth 30ft 8½.

Broad Jump—Won by Collins (L) 9ft, Ahern (C) second 8ft 7; Granger (C) third 8ft 5½; Cohen (L) fourth 8ft 4¼.

* * *

INTERMEDIATE

50-yard hurdles—Won by Smith (C) Broensky (C) second; Milne (C) third; Miller (C) fourth. Time: 7¾s.

50-yard dash—Won by Hoyer (L); Connolly (C) second; Ezran (C) third; Delvin (L) fourth. Time: 6 2-5.

220-yard run—Won by Wildes (L) Trayez (C) second; Finklestein (L) third; Seifert (C) fourth. Time: 25 2-5s.

600-yard run—Won by Holzman (L); Canatelli (C) second; Morgilio (C) third Bennett (L) fourth. Time 1m 29 3-5s.

High Jump—Won by Smith (C) 4ft. 11 tie for second between Wildes (L) and Krawiez (C) 4ft 10; tie for fourth between Carroll (L) and Clifford (C) 4ft 9.

Broad Jump—Won by Canatelli (C) 8ft 4¾; Hoyer (L) second 8ft 2½; Braensky (C) third 8ft 1¾; Foulds (L) fourth 8ft 1.

Shot Put—Won by Kilroy (C) 40ft 3¾; Lima (L) second 38ft 4¾; Morjella (C) third 38 ft 3½, Barrish (L) fourth 34ft 10.

* * *

JUNIOR

50-yard hurdles—Won by Ryan (C); Higer (L) second; Sullivan (L) third Guinessey (C) fourth. Time : 7 4-5s.

50-yard dash—Won by Epstein (L) Geary (C) second; McGrath (L) third; Massell (L) fourth. Time: 6 2-5s.

160-yard run—Won by Gumpwright (C); Kaes (C) second; Gallagher (L) third; Horwich (C) fourth. Time: 22 1-5s.

High Jump—Won by Ryan (C) 4ft 6; tie for second between DeSantis (L) and Horwich (C) 4ft 5; Ingersoll (C) fourth 4ft 4.

Broad Jump—Won by Epstein (L)

7ft 11; Gumpwright (C) second 7ft 9½; Massell (L) third 7ft 1¾; Sullivan (C) fourth 6ft 11.

Shot Put—Won by Cutler (C) 38ft 11; Kaes (C) second 33ft 11; Beran (L) third 27ft 11½; Gallagher (L) fourth 27ft 11.

THE STATE MEET

At the State Meet in Mechanics Building, Saturday February 17, the Latin relay team, composed of Joe Nolan, Vin Sullivan, Capt. John Sullivan, and Frank O'Brien won the Class A. High School Championship with four seconds to spare over the nearest competitor. The team was matched against Commerce in the heat, but the Gray and Blue never had a chance, finishing sixty-five yards in the rear. The result of the High School Class A.:

Won by Boston Latin	3m 18 2-5s
Medford	3m 22 s
Brookline	3m 22 s
Brockton	3m 25 s
Lowell	3m 25 s
Lynn Classical	3m 26 3 5s
Bos. Commerce	3m 27 s
Newton	3m 29 s
Lynn English	3m 29 1-5s
Dorchester	3m 30 4-5s

Although it did not affect the result of the Class A High Schools, the times made by the Class A and Class B Prep follow for purposes of comparison.

Class A Preparatory

Won by:

Andover Academy	3m 13 s
Huntington School	3m 18 2-5s
Worcester Academy	3m 33 1-5s

Class B Preparatory

Won by:

Moses Brown	3m 26 1-5s
Noble & Greenough	3m 28 s

These results show Latin tied with Huntington School for second best time of the meet, regardless of class, being

defeated only by Philips Andover Academy. The fact that the Purple runners led by four seconds although having no competition, while Brookline and Medford tied for second in a race which was as conspicuous for its competition as the Latin-Commerce was by its absence, shows that the relay championship of Boston which has rested in Latin School so long that everybody has forgotten the date of the first winning, will rest in Louis Pasteur Avenue for another year and not in the yellow brick building.

* * *

THE LEGION MEET

At the East Armory on Washington's Birthday, our relay team, State Champions by virtue of their win at the State-wide meet, lost to Newton in a triangular race. Lynn Classical, the third team, was far in the rear. The time of the Newton team was about two seconds faster than the present Boston High School record, set up last year by the Latin team of Hunt, Haggerty, Ingoldsby and Sullivan. The defeat was unexpected, but the time was unusually fast.

* * *

THE ENGLISH MEET

In a meet which lacked the usual spirit of a Latin-English meet, the Blue and Blue administered a terrific trouncing to the Latin team, despite their desperate efforts. English took all eleven points in the Senior hurdles, Senior 600 and Senior High Jump.

Latin showed up better in the running events than in the field. Joe Hammer took second in a blanket finish in the dash. The 300 was the only event with a Purple coloring in the meet, John Sulli-

van and Joe Nolan finishing first and second in the fast time of 36:1. The thousand was a repetition of the Commerce meet, with Keefe losing on the last lap to Oliver of English in 1:36.3 McLaughlin was fourth. John Lyons scored a fourth in the Senior shot. Joe Collins and Hammer finished our scoring in the Senior division by third and fourth in the Broad Jump.

Woodbury and Holzman scored seconds in the Intermediate hurdles and 600. Meagher, a former Latin runner, beat the latter by inches on the tape. Wildes and Finklestein finished third and fourth in the Two-twenty. The former also jumped into a tie for third place in the High Jump. Lima scored our only win in the field events in the Shot Put. Even the usually capable Hoyer only managed to win a fourth in the Broad Jump.

Epstein, our undefeated Junior dash man remained undefeated, winning by a large margin. Higer took two seconds, scoring in the Hurdles and High Jump. Gallagher finished third in the 160, in spite of a fine race. Epstein made himself high scorer of the meet by scoring a second in the Junior Broad Jump.

* * *

THE HOCKEY TEAM

THE ST. JOHN'S PREP GAME

With St. John's leading 2-1 in the second period, Acting Captain Johnny Neal took his team from the ice, protesting against the referee. The game was marked by much rough work and players on both sides showed signs of the encounter. There was a possibility that the two schools would have a break in relations, but the difficulty has been removed, to the satisfaction of all.



LATIN 2—COUNTRY DAY 1

Country Day School fell before the Latin School team, Feb 13, at the Brae-Burn Country Club, Newton. Fred Foster was the star of the game, scoring both goals for the Latin team. The team seemed much improved, the individual efforts being abandoned for team play. The summary:

LATIN	COUNTRY DAY
Minton, (Tucker), lw	rw, Collins
Neal, (Donaghy), c	

	c, (Fisher), J. Garrison
Foster, rw	lw, (Smith, Phillips), Page
Fusonie, (E. Woods, Bruen), ld	
	rd, (Hartwell), Ellis
Martin, (H. Woods), rd	ld, G. Garrison
Lyons, g	g, Hutchins

Goals: Foster 2, J. Garrison 1. Referee: Doc Mooney. Time 3 ten-minute periods.

* * *

LATIN 0—HARVARD 2ND 6

Harvard Second Varsity proved too much for the Latin School players, February 20, at the Arena. The play in the first period was scoreless, largely through the efforts of Frank Lyons in the Purple goal. The writer counted twelve stops by the Latin goalie in the first three minutes and then gave it up.

Harvard scored three times in each of the two remaining periods. The boys tried hard enough, but the college men were too much to handle. The summary:

LATIN	HARVARD 2ND
Foster, (E. Woods), lw	
	rw, (Arsden), Gibbs
Neal, (Donaghy), c	
	c, (Pratt), Bonbright
Minton (Tucker), rw	
	lw, (C. T. Smith), Whitall
Fusonie, ld	rd, Pierson

Martin, rd	ld, Tilt
Lyons, g	g, (A. G. Smith), Wagg

Score: Harvard 2nds 6, Latin 0. Goals: Bonbright 3, Pierson, Whitall, C. T. Smith. Referee: Hurley. Time: 1 fifteen and 2 twelve-minute periods.

* * *

THE SWIMMING TEAM

THE DORCHESTER MEET

For the second time within a week, the Red and Black triumphed over the Latin School men, at Cabot Street Pool in a swimming meet. The Purple natators went into the meet fully determined to wipe out the track defeat and would have done so, if it were not for an unfortunate accident in the Junior dash.

The Latin team started out in a fine manner winning both relays, the senior by 25 yards and the junior by 13. In each case the leadoff man handed over a lead and the following men added to it.

Dorchester had the better of us in the dives, Ryan taking second place in the senior, doubtless from his experience in the Newton hockey game a short while ago.

In the junior dash, Joy was well in the lead and seemed to have his field in hand, when after turning he hit the Dorchester man who was coming to the turn. Joy showed the best form of any junior there and it is too bad that he and Latin School should be deprived of his good work because of what was at best a very doubtful foul.

"Muddy" Richard showed his game-ness in winning the backstroke. He was taken sick as a result of the relay, yet insisted on swimming the backstroke. He won handily.

In the junior plunge Latin was supreme, Kiboris and Jarosh taking the

first two places. The summary.

SENIORS

Dive—Won by Rosenberg (D); second, Ryan (L); third Ellison (L); fourth Moulton (D).

Back Stroke(25 yards)—Won by Capt. Richard (L); second Nelson (D); third Hurley (D); fourth Egan (L). Time 19 2-5s.

Dash (100 yards)—Won by Capt. Barry (D); Mindhan (D) second; Sands (L) third, the other man from Latin School dropped out.

Plunge—Won by Murphy (D) 41ft; second, Bruen (L) 37ft; third Moore (D) 33ft; fourth Cox (L) 32ft.

Relay (Each man 50 yards)—Won by Latin School, (Levin, Sands, Richard, Ryan); second, Dorchester (Murphy, Townshend, Chase and Barry).

* * *

JUNIORS

Dash (50 yards)—Won by Duffin (D); second Merkin (D); third Shea (L); fourth Joy (L) disqualified).

Dive —Won by Lynn (D); second Adams (D); third Stone (L); fourth Leventhal (L).

Plunge—Won by Kiboris (L) 43ft; second Jarosh (L) 39ft; third Sullivan (D) 36ft; fourth Dolan (D) 28ft.

Relay (Each man swimming 25 yards)—Won by Latin School (Keith, Shea, Kiboris, Joy); second Dorchester (Deitch, Ginsberg, Sullivan, Merkin). Time: 1m 43-5s

Score: Dorchester High 45, Boston Latin 40.

* * *

THE COMMERCE MEET

The Purple Natators defeated Commerce at the Y. M. C. A. pool on February 21, by a score of 43-42. Failure of the Commerce number two man on the senior relay to touch gave the meet to Latin by one point.

Captain Richard won the Senior back stroke in the very fast time of 17 1-5 seconds. Bruen was leading in the Senior plunge, until Glifford of Commerce, the last plunger, passed him by six inches. The Senior and Junior dashes both went to Commerce, but the schools divided the diving honors, Ellison taking the Senior for Latin. The Junior relay went to Commerce by 12 yards.

Kiburis and Jarosh repeated their triumph of the Dorchester meet by finishing first and second in the Junior plunge.

The meet stood 42-38 in favor of Commerce when the swimmers prepared for the relay. Sands led his opponent in the first relay and the Commerce man mistook him for his own team-mate and took to the water. This caused our opponents the meet as the succeeding Commerce swimmers overtook and passed the Latin men.

Score: Boston Latin 43, High School of Commerce 42.

Senior dash—Won by Stuart (C); Sands (L) second; Ovans (L) third; Time: 1m 13 1-5s.

Senior back-stroke—Won by Richard (L); Murphy (C) second; McShane (C) third; Hermann (L) fourth. Time: 17 1-5s.

Senior dive—Won by Ellison (L); Brickley (C) second; Collins (C) third; Raftery (L) fourth.

Senior plunge—Won by Clifford (C) Bruen (L) second; Feinberg (L) third; Winners plunge: 46ft 6inches.

Senior relay—Won by Latin (Sands, Richard, Bruen, Ovans); Commerce disqualified.

Junior dash—Won by Crowley (C); McCarthy (C), second; Joy (L), third; Levin (L), fourth. Time: 33 1-5 sec.

Junior plunge—Won by Kiburis (L); Jarosh (L), second; King (C), third; Fleming (C), fourth. Winners plunge 47'6".

Junior dive—Won by Cummings (C) Levanthal (L), second; Keith (L), third; Shannon (C), fourth.

Junior relay—Won by Commerce, (Cummings, McCarthy, Crowley, Well-ing); Latin, (Levin, Kiburis, Joy, Keith) second. Time: 56 4-5 sec.

* * *

THE MECHANICS ARTS MEET

Mechanic Arts High School, usually docile when opposing the Latin School teams, seems to have overcome that tendency. The latest evidence of a new era for the Buff and Blue is the result of the swimming meet at Cabot St. on February 26. The absence of Captain Richard had much to do with the defeat. The summary:

Score: Mechanic Arts 50, Latin 37.

Senior 100—Won by Carney (M); second, Allen (M); third, Sands (L); fourth, Ovans (L). Time: 1m 13 3-5 s.

Dive—Won by Scremgeoun (M); second, Ellison (L); third, Ryan (L); fourth, O'Donnell (M).

Backstroke: Won by Harrington (M); second, Buckley (M); third, Winisky (L); fourth, Hermann (L). Time: 18 2-5 s.

Plunge—Won by Bruen (L); second, Thomas (M); third, Feinberg (L); fourth, Cudhea (M). Distance: 41 ft.

Relay—Won by Mechanics (Thomas, Allen, Fickett, Carney); second, Latin (Sands, Ryan, Bruen, Ovans). Time: 2m 10s.

Junior 50—Won by Keith (L); second, O'Leary (M); third, Joy (L); fourth, Elliot (M). Time: 31 35-s.

Dive—Won by Stone (L); second,

McTaggart (M); third, Leventhal (L); fourth, Callahan (M).

Plunge—Won by McGuiness (M) second, Kiburis (L); third, Jarosh (L); fourth, Burke (M). Distance: 52 ft.

Relay—Won by Mechanics (Callahan, Burke, McTaggart, Callahan); second, Latin (Levin, Joy, Kiburis, Keith). Time: 1m 4-5s.

* * *

THE RIFLE TEAM

The rifle team started the month well by winning over East Orange High School of East Orange, N. J., by the rather large margin of forty-five points.

<i>Latin</i>		<i>East Orange</i>	
Fox	98	Redding	90
Keefe	97	James	84
Gibbons	97	MacDonald	83
Egan	93	Bancroft	88
Stenberg	91	Dabson	86
<hr/>		<hr/>	
476		431	

The next match with Lewis and Clark High of Seattle, Washington, was shot fifty points prone and fifty-off hand. This accounts for the low scores. The team is improving, our opponents are weakening. At any rate the team has shaken the jinx, at least temporarily.

<i>Latin</i>		<i>Lewis and Clark</i>	
Sands	89	Babcock	87
Stenberg	86	Roach	85
Egan	83	Dean	84
Keefe	83	Dorn	82
Gibbons	76	Read	77
<hr/>		<hr/>	
417		415	

The Freshmen from Harvard put a stop to our winning during vacation week. The Crimson Freshmen had a ten point margin on the Latin guns.

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'trickle' and 'anecdote'."

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down the street with a tin can tied to his
anecdote."

* * *

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..... last night I lay in a gondola in
the Grand Canal drinking it all in, and
life never seemed so full before.

* * *

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LETTERS

"Your beautiful clock received and is
now standing in the drawing room on
the mantelpiece where we hope to see
you often."

"May heaven cherish and keep you
from yours truly Pat McSwiggen."

* * *

'Twas in a restaurant that they met,
A Romeo and a Juliet.

'Twas here they first ran into debt,
For Romi(owed), what Juli(et).

A FARMER'S PROPOSAL

Do you carrot all for me?

My heart beets for you.

My love is as strong as an onion,

As soft as a squash

With your turnip nose.

And radish hair

If we cantelope

Let us marry here

And be a happy pear.

* * *

Freshie: "Are mosquitoes religious?"

Soph: "Yes. They first sing over
you and then prey on you."

* * *

New Bride: "Oh, mother, I'm so un-
happy! I baked some biscuits for Jack
and he threw them at me!"

Mother: "The brute! He might have
killed you."

* * *

Mac (speaking of recent murder
mystery): "Criminals always return
to the scene of their crimes."

Tac: "Yes, thar's where I'm going
now. I stole a kiss last night!"

* * *

Eng. Teacher: "Jack, give me a sen-
tence using the word, *notwithstanding*."

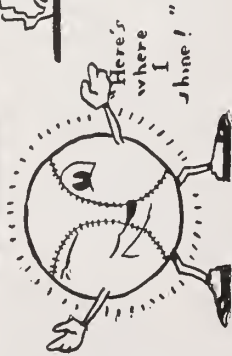
Jack: "My brother tore his pants, not
with standing."



ALMOST!!!



I say, old thing, that chap ought to be arrested. They say he stole a base!



"Here's where I shine!"



-Can you look him in the face? -

CL. SOLOMONT



How many thank a's this way? -



The swimming team taking its practice on the lunch room benches -



The average conception of a station -

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After that his intellect—yet so small—ceases its development altogether; but his nasal organ, in revenge, assumes colossal dimensions.

At twenty, he buys his first saxophone

for four dollars and ninety-eight cents, —three months later he is thrown out of his home. He thereupon joins Paul Whiteman's Orchestra.

Some years later he dies of a broken heart, upon finding that not one of his three sons shows the slightest inclination for the instrument through which he has blown out his wits.

Note.—The next, on trombones, will appear in a later issue.

P. S.—This article is strictly anonymous; we do not wish to wake up one of these nights and find ourselves drowned in our own blood, murdered by these lunatic saxophone players whom the truths of this article have touched to the quick.

—B. B. R.

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